

American

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

January 1927

"I Serve"



A.M. UPJOHN

Tinka, a little girl of Bucharest, in typical Rumanian costume



"Father," cried his daughter, "this is all my fault. Let me go to the general and explain. Perhaps he will be merciful."

The Teacher's Guide

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The January News in the School

Not Miserliness But Serviceableness

Mathematics

"Children of Poland;" "Junior Doings" in Bridgeport, Connecticut; Pasadena, California; Colony, Oklahoma; Beecher, Illinois; Delaware. In many schools mathematics classes will this month lead the pupils in Thrift Week observances. Junior Red Cross offers a chance for lifting these activities to a level of unselfishness; for the end of thrift is not miserliness but serviceableness. Children learn to set their money to work not merely for themselves but for others. Thrift activities should make possible the joy of sharing, *now* and all along the way. The story of Poland illustrates how the benefit of children's gifts extends literally around the world.

In connection with their thrift study pupils of mathematics classes may have interesting material to use in writing letters to foreign schools or to Indian Partners. The school banking system, the Service Fund, schemes for budgeting, banking and other business processes will all furnish good topics. Let the information be incorporated into entertaining letters, giving specific accounts of school activities and study along these lines. If samples of schoolwork are sent, let only one of a type, the *very best*, be sent, with a letter explaining it. Local bankers and post office officials will usually be able to give information about the coin of other countries.

A portfolio from Budapest, Hungary, to Knoxville, Tennessee, tells of money earning activities:

"The tools sent by the American Red Cross have proved very useful; we take great care of them. They are kept apart, as our picture shows. By the help of the American Red Cross we bought paper and wood. The articles made were sent to the Junior Red Cross sale at Christmas-time and sold; the money earned was invested in fresh material and tools. At the third sale we exhibited 249 articles; of these only 16 pieces were not sold. Of course, we tried to make everything as nice as possible and sell them as cheap as we could.

"Our plans in the portfolio mostly illustrate the articles made for the sale. We should like to draw your attention to the decorations on the cover-page and the other pages, as the motifs employed are copied from the embroideries and carvings used by the peasants in different parts of the country for embellishing their clothes, tools, houses, churches, cemeteries."

History:

"Young Michael Pupin;" "The Daughter of Old King Cole." After enjoying this interesting story, the pupils may find additional pleasure in Josephine Elliott Krohn's *Old King Cole and Other Medieval Plays* (Doran, N. Y.). The play is not based on the incident told by Miss Upjohn, but it is full of old-time atmosphere.

World Civics and Citizenship at Home:

"Schools of Some Overseas Comrades." Besides their immediate interest, this series of articles on schoolmates

of other lands will be valuable material to save for use in Education Week, next November. The correspondence from schoolmates of other lands is a unique type of material, not available in even large libraries.

"Young Michael Pupin;" "Children of Poland;" "New Year's Resolutions;" "The Australian Flag;" "Junior Doings Here and There;" "They Knew What to Do;" "Scotty's Patrol to the Rescue." Suggestions for the development of a First Aid project will be found on page 4 of this TEACHER'S GUIDE.

First Aid Second and Safety First

Practice in First Aid and Safety First should go hand in hand. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, the Junior Safety Committee is an active section of the Junior Red Cross organization and the safety activities are among the most active, while from Richmond, Indiana, comes the following report:

One of the Junior Red Cross interests is that of safety. Each school has an organization of traffic officers who are on duty at dismissal. They help at play time and are always on the lookout for accidents, ready to give first aid. Representatives from traffic officers form a safety committee which meets every six weeks with the Junior Red Cross Chairman. General safety problems are discussed which give also a splendid opportunity for an exchange of ideas. Coasting dangers are discussed during the winter and each traffic representative gives a talk in his school on the danger of hitching to autos. Copies of traffic-meeting minutes are sent to the Chief of Police.

Material helpful in safety study and practice may be obtained through the National Safety Council, 168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Geography:

Italy—"Schools of Some Overseas Comrades."

Austria—"Star Singing."

Rumania—Cover; "Schools of Some Overseas Comrades;" "Junior Doings" in Syracuse, N. Y.

Hungary—"Young Michael Pupin;" "A Contrast in New Year's Days."

Poland—"Children of Poland;" "New Year's Resolutions."

Latvia—"Schools of Some Overseas Comrades."

Estonia—"They Knew What to Do;" "Schools of Some Overseas Comrades."

Australia—"Schools of Some Overseas Comrades;" "The Australian Flag."

Health:

"Nancy and the Blue Nose Cold Germ." This can be very easily dramatized for classroom or auditorium use.

"Scotty's Patrol to the Rescue;" "They Knew What to Do;" "A Type Project in First Aid."

Developing Calendar Activities for January

"Garments Made Last Year Were Available"

SOON after the Florida disaster, the Junior Red Cross Chairman of Atlanta, Georgia, was able to tell the school pupils of that city:

The many garments made in the city schools last year by Junior fingers were available for just such a demand as that made by the Florida hurricane. Hundreds of baby garments beautifully sewed were all ready for use, many articles of clothing for larger children were also on hand, and the big work of packing and shipping these articles was at once begun.

The Juniors of the New York County Chapters sent a splendid gift of children's dresses, bloomers, and shirts for relief in Cuba. These, too, were already on hand.

Disasters have an unhandy way of keeping the hour of their arrival to themselves. The need for infants' and children's garments is always immediate and pressing. In preparation to meet the need many Red Cross Chapters maintain what are called "Emergency Closets." In these are kept new and remodeled garments made according to specifications. The remodeled garments are *not* "old clothes" which add human insult to the injury already suffered from Nature, but clean, remade articles, useful and acceptable. Most of the articles are made from new material.

A very special thrill goes into the making of articles to be used in times of dire need. In sending the local closets such contributions of garments made by pupils, a request may be made that the Chapter let the children know where these garments are sent, when the emergency calls.

Would it not be friendly to sew on the inside of each garment a label: "Made by a pupil of the _____ School?"

Facts, Not Theories

Here are two astonishing examples of what schools have been doing:

Very excellent work of the most practical nature has been done by the home economics classes at the Portland, Maine, High School, under the direction of Miss Lena Shorey, the head of the department. Miss Shorey has given her generous and enthusiastic support to all projects purposed for her department. The Juniors in her classes have responded splendidly, thus making it possible to complete a program of service which it would be difficult to parallel.

The following is a partial list of the articles they have made and sent to the Red Cross for distribution: 115 dresses, 15 rompers, 10 layettes, 15 sheets, 75 Brownie bean-bags, and over 30 dolls, large and small, all beautifully gowned in the latest fashion and displaying to advantage the originality and artistic skill of the young modistes.

—FROM THE ANNUAL SCHOOL REPORT.

Fourteen hundred eighty-three girls in the seventh and eighth grades and the Continuation School of Passaic, New Jersey, have completed nine hundred twenty-five articles and repaired twenty-five. Seven hundred three of these garments have been given to the Civilian Relief Committee of the A. R. C., the remaining two hundred twenty to the hospitals. A donation of nine quarts of canned fruit was made to the Passaic Day Nursery on their Harvest Home Day. This canning was done by the pupils of the Continuation School.

—ANNUAL REPORT.

These "925 articles" include bloomers, boys' blouses, dresses with bloomers, pajamas, petticoats, costume slips, middies, rompers, underwear, night-dresses, kimono's, leg-gings, infants' garments, cretonne bags for soldiers, and flannel covers for hot-water bags!

While these look like "case records" hard to parallel, schools in many cities of varying sizes are doing proportionately as well.

Drawing Classes

Greeting cards, decorated menus, programs for special occasions, place cards and tray favors are among the most popular opportunities. Many instances of this type of work come to our attention constantly. It so happens, however, that although the drawing classes are perhaps doing more than most other classes, there are on hand fewer good "samples" of this type of work than of the less usual kind.

"Thanking You in Advance"

A few weeks ago Junior Red Cross pupil representatives from the homerooms of a junior high school were looking over some samples of schoolwork done for service by children of a number of foreign countries.

"Oh, there's nothing *we* can do!" one little girl exclaimed in a most disappointed tone.

Naturally the material from foreign countries differed somewhat from the work of our schools, and it so happened that the United States part of the exhibit represented only the manual arts. This young person, who was frankly spying for her group, was relieved when told of the many projects in which they *could* help.

May we beg, brazenly, that one or two *extra samples* of the service projects of your drawing classes be sent to National Headquarters to serve as object material in instances like this and also to illustrate such work to teachers attending summer schools? If in making remembrances for "special days" during the next two months, your pupils make *one extra one*, in each instance, label it carefully, and send it to National Headquarters, they will be helping many others.

The English Class

A February project helpful to Indian pupils will be the making up or collecting of entertaining games for "American Speech Week." The dates this year are February 20 to 26. Games to help form correct speech habits, devices for helping pupils in language study, clever posters may all be incorporated in portfolios. The suggestions may be sent in the form of letters, in which the children tell of their own enjoyment of these games. Their rôle as missionaries of good speech or "Americanization" should be tactfully subordinated to their rôle as active participants in a campaign to improve usage in their own schools. The discovery, selection, and transmission of such games should indeed help in self-mastery.

For information and material for American Speech Week apply to the National Council of English Teachers, 506 W. 69th Street, Chicago.

The Latest List of Correspondents

The list of countries for which schools are advised to prepare their new correspondence is, at the time this GUIDE goes to press: Canada, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Greece, Japan, Norway, Poland, South Africa, Spain and United States Indian.

A Caution

If "little folks" contemplate photographing United States money, to include in portfolios, they must be forbidden to do so, as this is against the law. "Pictures" that are not photographs, such pictures as one often sees in cartoons, are what the Calendar suggestion means. Canceled stamps may be photographed.

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

One Hundred Points of Service

WOULD your pupils enjoy working out a point system for scoring their Junior Red Cross service? Such a scheme sometimes brings in the play or game spirit in a happy fashion. Several illustrations, worked out to fit local needs, have come to us this year. One of the most interesting is the following:

Shall I tell you how we, pupils of 6A Keyser School, Mineral County, West Virginia, earn our Red Cross service pins?

Our president suggested that we should earn so many points and then he appointed a service committee of three persons to decide it. They decided that we should earn 100 points to get a service pin. We should not get them all by doing one thing all the time. We can earn 25 by serving at home, 25 by serving in the school room, 25 by helping the community, such as helping neighbors and friends who are sick or giving Christmas baskets to the poor or helping foreign countries by bringing presents for Red Cross boxes, or giving money to a service fund. We packed three Red Cross boxes and had enough left over for another box. The committee reported this at the next Red Cross meeting and had a list of ways in which the points could be earned, on the board. The school voted to adopt this plan, and other ways to earn points were added.

These are the rules for earning the pins:

- Washing the board, 1 point each day
- Going on errands, from 1 to 5 points
- Watering the flowers, 1 point each day
- Bringing money for the Red Cross, 1 point for each penny
- Sending Christmas boxes, the amount it costs you
- Sending cheerful cards, 5 points
- Helping your mother or neighbor, 5 to 10 points
- Having a ballot box, 5 points
- Beginning plans for bringing underweight children up to normal, 10 points
- Making a poster showing the right kinds of foods, 10 points
- Keeping school yards clean, 5 points
- Feeding and taking care of birds, 5 points
- Caring for the sick, 10 points
- Helping old age, 10 points
- Boys holding doors open, 5 points a week
- Tending to the scrap box, 5 points a week

Each pupil keeps a record of his points earned, in a little booklet. When they have earned 100 points they show their record to the service committee and if it passes their inspection they repeat the pledge of service at the next Red Cross meeting and receive their pins. There are fifteen pupils that have the service pins and the rest are working for them.

—ROBERT COFFMAN, Secretary.

One of the nicest parts of this plan is that the children themselves decided on it and worked out the score. "Service" is a hard thing to rate, and the pupils feel that the activities are weighted fairly when they themselves assign the points.

A plan that is more elaborate, because it is based on group activities, sent in by the Indian Boarding School, Chilocco, Oklahoma, gives a suggestion helpful in consolidated schools. Each class is required to earn 1,000 points to standardize its work in Junior Red Cross. Among the activities to which points are assigned are:

Earning money for subscriptions to Junior Red Cross Magazine, exchanging letters with Partner School each month, taking part in special contests, making bird boxes, making flower boxes, making portfolios, making First Aid Box, cutting out and mounting pictures for the walls, writing a history of the school, writing a history of your Indian tribe, giving health plays or other programs, making a booklet of good recipes and menus, making health booklets to take home, making gifts to put on Christmas tree, making gifts to send to other children, making gifts to send to sick people, making signboards, raising vegetables and flowers for health and service, studying swimming and life saving, taking pictures of J. R. C. activities and

sending them to the J. R. C. Magazine, writing stories of services performed by Indian School Juniors and sending them to the Junior Red Cross Magazine, helping to clean up school grounds, keeping classroom clean, maintaining high scholarship, cleaning halls, windows and lights, cleaning auditorium, cleaning snow and ice from walks, sending flowers to sick people, painting flower pots and boxes, reading good books, memorizing "Oklahoma"—the two Chilocco Songs, "America" and the first verse of "The Star Spangled Banner," having daily inspection, taking care of plants in classroom.

Where teachers feel that devices of this sort will be a special help in character education, whichever plan is most suitable may be used. Sometimes the two may be combined, the first one used in each room for individual memberships, and the second one throughout the school for group credit.

The ideal for Junior Red Cross is that it shall educate children in intelligent habits of service in everyday living. For this reason it is better that schools work out their own scores if they wish to try a point system. Reports on the plans you use and the results you obtain will be very helpful to other teachers, however, and we hope that you will tell us of these or other plans and thus let us share the experience.

The Service Fund in Small Schools

Among reports of ingenious ways in which Juniors in smaller schools earn their service fund have been the selling of Christmas cards, the saving of soap wrappers or other premiums, individual "chores," etc., etc. The first grade of the Mitchell School in Bath, Maine, sent in the following businesslike account, showing how their service money was earned and how spent. The amount and variety of good accomplished with the fund is surprising.

RECEIPTS

45 tubes Shu Shine sold by pupils.....	\$4.50
Brought by children who went without candy, etc.....	1.00
Brought in April for candy for Easter Baskets for Old Ladies20
86 tubes of Shu Shine.....	8.60
Penny Bank60
	<hr/> \$14.90

EXPENDITURES

J. R. C. Magazine.....	.50
Oct. Gifts for lame boy at Orphans' Home.....	.50
24 bulbs to raise for people at City Home.....	.50
Dishes and colored crocks.....	1.25
Dec. 1 plant to Hospital.....	.60
Dec. 1 plant to Mr. Ames.....	.60
Dec. 1 plant to City Home.....	.60
Dec. Gift to Janitor.....	.25
Feb. Portland Marine Hospital.....	1.00
Apr. Gifts to family quarantined.....	.50
June. To National Children's Fund.....	8.00
1926 J. R. C. News50
	<hr/> \$14.90

William Allen White said, in making a gift for public benefit:

"There are three kicks in every dollar: one when you make it, the second when you have it, the third when you give it away; and the big kick is the last one."

If this is true and our multiplication is correct, these wee citizens got 44.7 kicks out of their financial activities, enough for each Junior to enjoy at least one apiece.

Fitness for Service Activities for January

A Type Project in First Aid

"HOW many of you," asked the teacher, "have ever seen an accident, either a big accident or a tiny one? *What did you do to help? What did you need to know in order to be most useful?*"

As an outgrowth of this discussion the pupils decided that they would make a First Aid Box for their room in school and that each would fill a small First Aid kit for home use.

In the discussion accidents of various kinds had been mentioned. This list was written on the board and a committee was also appointed to keep a record of accidents which occurred in school or on the playgrounds. Beginning with the most common type of accident the class studied one kind at a time at each lesson, adding to their First Aid containers the materials needed for treatment. They learned in each case to explain the treatment clearly to others, and actually to demonstrate what should be done while waiting for the doctor. For example:

How to care for a cut and to make sterile dressings
How to staunch severe bleeding
How to treat a burn or scald
What to do for a person who has fainted
What to do for sunstroke and for heat exhaustion
What to do for a broken or sprained wrist
What to do in case of electric shock, apparent drowning, gas or smoke asphyxiation

At the end of their study the pupils listed all the materials which they had accumulated in the First Aid Box and explained and demonstrated the various uses for each one. Each wrote instructions for his own box about the use of the materials, with necessary precautions, and pasted it on the inside of the lid.

NO ONE WAS ALLOWED TO TAKE HIS INDIVIDUAL KIT HOME UNTIL HE COULD EXPLAIN CLEARLY AND DEMONSTRATE ACCURATELY THE USE OF ALL THE CONTENTS, INCLUDING NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS WITH SUCH THINGS AS IODINE AND AROMATIC SPIRITS OF AMMONIA.

Earning First Aid Certificates

More complete guidance in developing First Aid instruction is given in the American Red Cross *Abridged Textbook on First Aid*, General Edition, price 60c., special rates for schools. These may be obtained through the Red Cross Branch or National Offices. ARC 1006, *First Aid Instruction in Schools*, gives in detail information concerning the awarding of Red Cross certificates.

First Aid Containers

It is possible for pupils to assemble the simple contents in a container of their own manufacture. A box to take home may be made of a one-pound candy or cracker box which will hold from three to five First Aid supplies. For school use a large container can be made of a cake box, bread box, or some kind of packing tin. A good First Aid box should be tight, mouse proof, and inexpensive.

Containers prepared especially for the purpose and filled with necessary supplies vary in price from the little "pocket" kit at 80c. to the school box at \$10.00. It is far better to have at least one of these as a model. The com-

plete list of supplies is contained in ARC 1009, a *Catalog of Supplies and Books on First Aid and Life Saving* (free).

Preventing Accidents

Hand in hand with the study of First Aid should go safety education and a study of accident prevention. In the case of each type of accident the questions are asked: What caused this? Might it have been prevented and how?

ACCIDENT	CAUSE	PREVENTABLE NON- PREVENTABLE	HOW?	FIRST AID MEASURE
Unconsciousness	Knocked down by swing	Preventable	Personal care—Warning sign	Place aromatic spirits of ammonia where patient can breathe it, etc., as for fainting

With this simple chart as a basis, ways to avoid accidents may be discussed, safety slogans formulated and accident prevention posters suitable for the school, playground, or community made.

Correlation with Class Work

Such a study of First Aid and accident prevention may be correlated with the class work in such ways as the following:

1. Preparation of First Aid Boxes for School or Home Use.

- Oral English.* One Time When I Needed to Know First Aid.
An Experience with the First Aid Box I Took Home.
- Physiology.* Discussion of Proper Uses of First Aid Materials; demonstration.
- Written English.* Letters sending orders for or requesting materials; letters of thanks; instructions and cautions about use of contents.
- Arithmetic.* Itemized accounts, computing and totaling the cost of materials, records of money earned and spent for materials.
- Civics.* Discussion of ways of earning money.
- Drawing.* First Aid Posters; diagrams showing how to apply bandages.

2. The Causes and Prevention of Accidents.

- Oral Composition.* An Accident I Know About, What Caused It, and How It Might Have Been Prevented.
- Civics.* Class discussion, the Chief Causes of Accidents in Our Community; Ways of Preventing Them.
- Written Composition.* Making a prevention chart; formulating safety rules, writing safety slogans; writing letters to other American Juniors about ways of cutting down accidents.
- Drawing.* Accident Prevention Posters.

NOTE: This page was prepared in consultation with the American Red Cross Service in First Aid and Life Saving.



Colchester was a snug little town with walls, and King Cole's castle inside them

The Daughter of Old King Cole

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by Henry Pitz

IF you will promise not to believe everything I say, I will tell you a story which has to do with Nish in Jugoslavia. At least the story pivots around Nish but it begins in the misty meadows of Essex on the eastern coast of England. There, in the olden days, lived King Cole, who you will be surprised to hear was the same who called for his pipe and bowl. His capital was, of course, Colchester, a snug little town with walls and his castle inside them.

At the moment our story begins, King Cole was anything but merry, for he sat with his councillors discussing grave matters of state. A message had just come from the Roman general commanding in those parts, calling on King Cole to surrender peacefully, in which case he and his people would be safe. Otherwise Colchester would be attacked and no doubt destroyed with all its inhabitants. King Cole was a brave man, one of the last Britons to hold out against the Roman conquerors. But now that his ally, Queen Boadicea, was dead he knew that it was useless to fight longer. He thought of that part of Britain already under Roman rule. There were good roads everywhere, people were taught to build bridges and baths and villas; they were free to worship as they liked; there was order in the land; men tilled their fields with profit except where his own raiders burnt the harvest and carried off the cattle.

In every way his people might be better off under the Romans, but *he* would carry an empty crown under the Emperor. He sighed and sent for his herald to carry a message of surrender to the general. At that moment the door burst open and his daughter stood before him. She was an athletic young princess with thick red-brown braids and flashing gray eyes and now her bright cheeks were pale with rage and despair.

"Father," she cried, "how can you do this shameful thing! If you will not fight I will call the men to arms and myself lead them."

"If we resist now, what hope is there for our dear people, except utter destruction?"

"Then let us have destruction rather than dishonor," cried the princess, and rushing out, she caught the herald just as he was answering the summons of the king.

"Go!" she said "Call the soldiers to the public square."

They came running, for they adored their young princess, so spirited, kind and beautiful. When they were assembled she cried, "Choose! will you surrender under my father or fight under my leadership?"

And with one voice they cried, "We will fight with you!"

The walls were quickly armed with bowmen and the herald was sent to the Roman camp with a message of defiance.

At once the Roman legions moved forward, rank upon rank of men in shining armour, their spear heads glittering in the sun. They brought up a great battering ram and with the first thrust the massive gateway of Colchester was shattered to splinters. The archers on the wall shot bravely but their arrows only rattled against the armour of the enemy and fell to the ground.

If they had been in the open fields where they could have dug pitfalls or lured their enemies into the marsh or cut them down with the scythes attached to their chariots, it would have been different. As it was, the city was doomed!

In despair the princess flew to her father. She found him putting on his state robes before obeying a summons to the general's camp.

The poor man knew that they were lost. The city would be sacked and burned, his people sold into slavery. He, himself, in chains, would follow the victor's chariot in its triumphal entry into Rome.

"Father," cried his daughter, "this is all my fault. Let me go to the general and explain. Perhaps he will be merciful."

Old King Cole was shrewd as well as merry and grave. When he saw how beautiful the princess was in her pity and remorse he felt there might be a chance for her to win good terms where he could not. So he consented. The young girl hastily let down her beautiful hair, bound a few gems into it, put on her best gown and sandals, and accompanied by a herald in court dress went to the general's tent. Straight and proud, she stood before him, speaking with great simplicity.

"My father would have surrendered," she said, "but I roused the men to resist. The fault is mine alone. Take me to Rome as your slave—slay me—do what you will, but do not visit my mistake on my innocent people."

The general was struck with admiration. He worshipped courage and this young girl was so fearless, so truthful, so full of pity for her people—so very beautiful! Constantine Chlore had fallen in love at first sight. But for a long time he sat silent, playing with the hilt of his sword, studying his captive and the situation.

And the princess as she watched him, at first anxiously, soon knew by her woman's wit that things were not hopeless.

She felt that this noble looking man could do nothing mean or spiteful. She liked his strong limbs under his armour and his kind, straight eyes. He was not swarthy like so many of the Roman soldiers, and she knew now that he was nicknamed "Chlore" because of his white skin.

Finally the general spoke.

"Very well, then, let it be as you desire. Your father and your people shall go free and you shall come to Rome with me. But as my wife, not my slave."

So the wedding was celebrated in little Colchester with great joy.

This may have been the occasion on which King Cole called for his pipe and his bowl and his fiddlers three. I do not know.

Constantine Chlore was a Christian and he converted his young wife who was baptized "Helena." She accompanied her husband on his next military campaign which was in the Balkans, for the Roman

Empire then stretched from Britain to the confines of Persia.

At Nish in Serbia a little son was born, whom they named Constantine and who is known in history as Constantine the Great. The little boy was a child of the army and did not stay long in one place. When he was twelve years old he went to Britain with his father, now the Emperor, who was finding the Picts and Scots a handful.

Constantine's youth was passed in England and years later, when his father died at York, he was proclaimed Caesar by his army. But another general, named Maxence, was also elected Emperor by rival troops and Constantine had to go to Rome to contest his title. As he approached the Imperial City at the head of his army a symbol flashed before him in the sky. It was a cross enclosed in a circle and above it in letters of fire the words, "In this sign conquer." This seemed an omen of victory and in fact the battle that followed made Constantine Emperor of the Roman Empire.

From that time the cross in the circle became his emblem, which he carried on his banner. Even today you may find it embroidered on Macedonian garments.

Constantine went back to Nish which for a time he thought to make his capital, not for its beauty or because he was born there, but because of its wonderful position. It stands on the cross roads of the routes from the Danube to the Aegean, and from Venice to Constantinople. Constantine saw that it could become a great trade center. But when he had surveyed Byzantium, a Greek city on the Bosphorus, he knew that here was a far greater center—the meeting point of the trade of three continents. So he enclosed it with a wall, built a palace, part of which still stands, and re-named

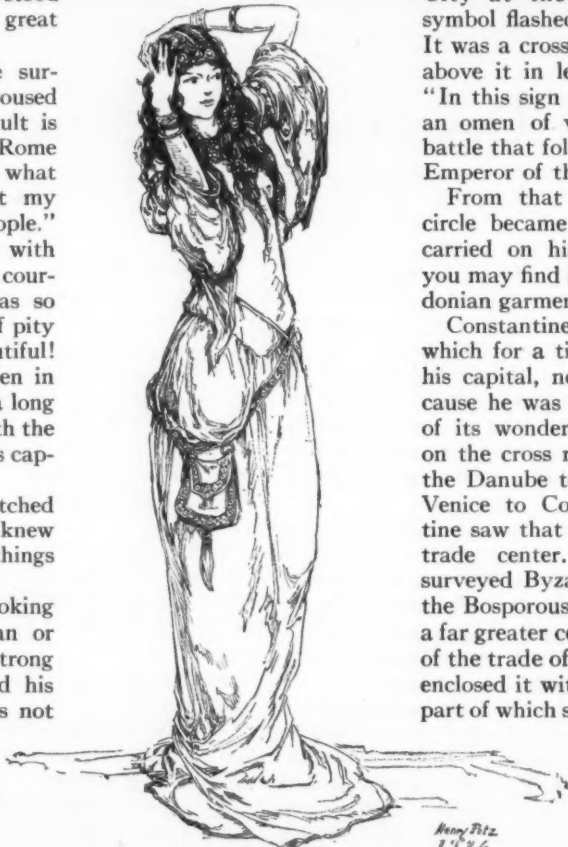
the city Constantinople, or city of Constantine. He then proclaimed Christianity as the state religion.

All these years we hear nothing of Helena.

It is an old English

Chronicle, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who tells us the story of King Cole and his daughter and for centuries it was accepted as true. But now come the modern historians who say it was all a mistake; that Constantine's mother was really an Illyrian woman from the Thracian coast, where her son beautified a small town and called it Helenopolis in her honor. We do know that Constantine was born in Nish, and that after he had made Constantinople his capital the Empress Helena went to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage.

(Continued on page 92)



The young girl hastily let down her beautiful hair and bound a few gems into it



Three little Polish girls with their mother "coming through the rye." Poland is a very rich grain raising country. The peasants grow much flax which they weave into homespun.

Children of Poland

MOST of the Polish children live in the country, for only about one-fifth of all the people in Poland live in cities. They are gay and wide-awake and full of fun, and love books and stories that stir their imagination, but they do not have much time for reading or games, because they have to do their part of the work at home. By the time he is seven the country boy is looking after the geese, while his little sister helps her mother about the house.

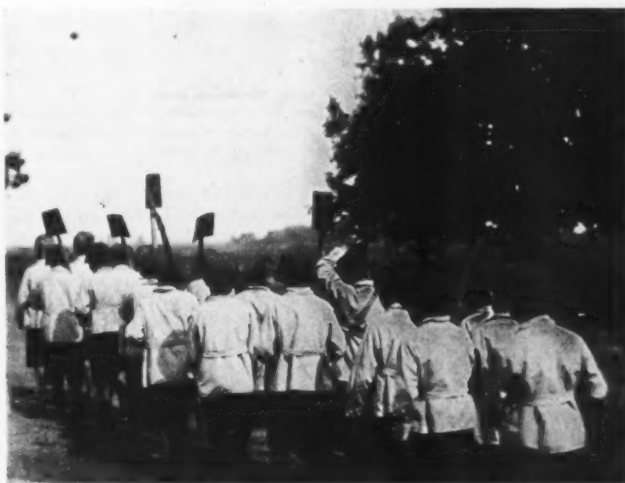
The peasant house is built of logs or boards or white clay with a roof of thatch more than a foot thick. This thick roof helps keep out the cold and snow of the long, cold winters. In the morning everyone is up early. The children hurry to look after the geese, sheep or cows and very soon the father and older boys are off to the fields. Most of the farms of Poland are very small, so that many farmers must

not only work their own patches but labor for a landlord as well. After they have finished their work in the house the mother and older girls go to the fields, too. The baby is brought along and swung in a hammock on sticks stuck in the ground. Often the children cannot go home to the midday meal, for they may be at school or away off in the woods with their flocks and cannot return until nightfall. They lunch on black bread and cheese.

When the harvest is all gathered in, there is a great holiday. The women make wreaths of wheat, barley and oats decorated with ribbons, and putting these on their heads, the peasants hurry to the big landowner's house and stand before the door singing:

"Open the door
Which we stand before,
For we have brought you
gifts."

The landlord then invites them to a great



Polish Juniors on their way to work in their herb gardens

feast which is already spread and afterwards everybody dances.

Not all the children of Poland have a chance to go to school, even now, though the Polish government is doing all it can. Until eight years ago, when Poland became independent of Russia, there were very, very few schools and in these the Polish language was frowned upon, while in some it was even forbidden. Many people could not read or write. Now there are more schools, but there are not yet enough and books are ever so scarce. Polish boys and girls are tremendously eager to learn and many a one would give a great deal just to have a single book of his own.

Mademoiselle Janina Porazinska, who is a school supervisor in Poland, tells some stories that show how much school and books mean to children there. She says:

One Sunday as I was taking a cross-country road, I noticed a little girl weeping bitterly. "Why are you crying, my child?"

"It is Sun—Sunday, to-day," she sobbed.

"Well, and what of that?"

"School is closed!" came the reply!

Another time, during a school inspection, I came across one of the boys breathing and perspiring heavily, with a face as red as a beet.

"What have you been doing to get into such a state? Fighting with your companions?"

No reply.

"Don't be afraid to tell me what is the matter, I will not be cross!"

The boy still kept silent. Then a little girl standing by, said:

"No, ma'am, he has not been fighting, he has only been running very fast because he lives five miles away and was afraid of being late."

Think of that! Five miles away, and during the long autumn and winter months our roads are almost impassable and covered with snow and mud!

Among the children in an orphanage, I noticed a little boy called Johnny, who always seemed to be clasping a mysterious object under his arm. One day I tried to find out what this mysterious object could be, but Johnny clutched it tight and screamed at the top of his voice. His older brother explained to me that it was a primer which he had given to Johnny. Johnny did not yet know how to read, but he was so pleased at the thought of possessing a book that he could not bear to be separated from it and even kept it under his pillow at night!

It is bound to be a great satisfaction to know that some of the money you send in for the National Children's Fund buys books for Polish children. Some of it is used to keep up a club for the Junior circles of Warsaw. There are two rooms with cupboards filled with books along the walls, which are decorated with posters and pictures. One table is covered with magazines and another is for games, such as checkers, chess and dominoes. There is a radio set, too, and there the Warsaw Juniors spend

many happy hours. Some of your Fund buys small libraries for groups outside the capital. The principal of one school in his letter of thanks for one of these libraries said that his school had eight hundred children and only two hundred and fifty books and pamphlets.

The Polish Juniors have expressed their thanks by sending letters and paintings. You remember reading in last month's News about the letter and doll from Lodz.

Part of your Fund is spent to help publish the Polish Junior magazine. You, with so many books and magazines all around you, can scarcely realize how much they mean to the Polish children. Their Junior magazine with its stories of Polish life and of children of other lands, is a great treat to them. One boy spent all his spare time in the woods gathering herbs and flowers until he had sold enough to pay for a subscription all his own. You know that Polish boys and girls are particularly fond of

growing and collecting herbs to be made into medicines of various kinds.

Here is one of the letters sent to the editor of the Polish magazine:

TO THE EDITOR:

For a long time I have wished to write you, for the lady at whose house I live subscribes to your magazine for her children. I have four little sisters in Galicia whom I want so much to receive a children's magazine. But for the moment I am not able to pay the subscription. I beg you to send them the number in which you write about Henri Sienkiewicz and the story of the "Baba Jaga" and for this I enclose 1 zloty. My little sisters have not even a single book, and I so wish that they could read something useful, and that they should know what is happening in Poland, should learn our history and the life of our famous men. In our village there is one primary school, but when one has finished that, one can learn no more and must work in the fields. I myself left home because I could not live that way without anything to read. My parents think that reading is useless, but they have never been to school and do not know the treasures

to be found in books. Fortunately for me, the lady with whom I live understands this and lets me read her books in my free time. I like best to study history, zoology, geography and biography. On Sundays I write out in my copybook the lives of our poets and writers and heroes and I save picture postcards of our villages and mountains.

I finish by hoping that your magazine will develop more and more.

SOPHIE BRZEZINSKA.

The Polish Juniors are active workers, too, and their circles are always busy doing things to help others and to strengthen their own characters. It makes it worth while to earn and save pennies for the National Children's Fund when you know that some of it is giving pleasure to such comrades as these.



Eight Christmas boxes from America were divided between 30 children in an orphanage in Cracow. These two were among the children who raised "shouts of joy"

Scotty's Patrol to the Rescue

Harriette Wilbur

Illustrations by J. Eads Collins

"**S**AY, I hear something, fellows!" Scotty silenced his noisy patrol with uplifted sandwich. "Who is it, do you 'spose?"

His three buddies, their lunch-table a big flat boulder beside the wooded Minnesota roadside, stopped talking to hearken. Even chewing was suspended.

"Sounds like an old cow mooing!" nodded Calvin ("Longlegs") Longley, cocking his outstanding ears, setter-fashion.

"A kind of long, spooky howl—dog, or maybe wolf," Albert ("Mac") McKinstry described it, and buried his face in a thick doughnut.

"Train whistling, more likely, or an auto tooting." Jasper ("Jap") Vail tossed off, and spear-ed another sardine with a sharpened twig.

"No—like a person, 'way off, calling." Once Scotty got a notion, he clung to it until certain he was right, or wrong.

"Say, fellows, 'spose it's somebody needing help?" Scotty's blue eyes blazed with excitement. "Seems to me it's a call for help."

This set the three hearkening anew. They were going through their six-months' probation of watching for chances to render First Aid. This might be one of them.

He sprang to his feet. "Let's go look. If it's somebody calling cows, the joke's on us. If it's somebody needing help,—it's no joke."

Already he was bolting into the woods. The trees were dense, and the underbrush was a tangle. Dead-falls and the rotted stumps of great trees felled years ago by loggers must be climbed, or skirted. Spongy sphagnum moss squashed under them like wet hay-cocks. Hummocks of marsh grass tripped and delayed them. Yet the four kept on, guided by that

far-away sound quavering through the still March afternoon.

When the sound grew nearer, they stopped to listen, obeying Scotty's uplifted hand.

"Says 'Hel-lup!' for a fact," admitted Jap.

Scotty darted forward in jackrabbitty bounds that carried him over logs, stumps, bogs and moss.

"Clearing ahead!" Longlegs' lanky limbs made knitting-needle flashes, which overtook and passed Scotty's stubby members.

"It's fresh cutting, too," yelped Mac, close at Jap's heels.

"Somebody's — been — working — here," panted Mac, as he galloped past his two stockier pals.

"Horse! And wagon!" shouted Longlegs as he flew across the open space. "And a man — on the ground — by the wagon!"

Already the man was up on one elbow, waving and calling to them. When they stooped over him, he groaned out his story.

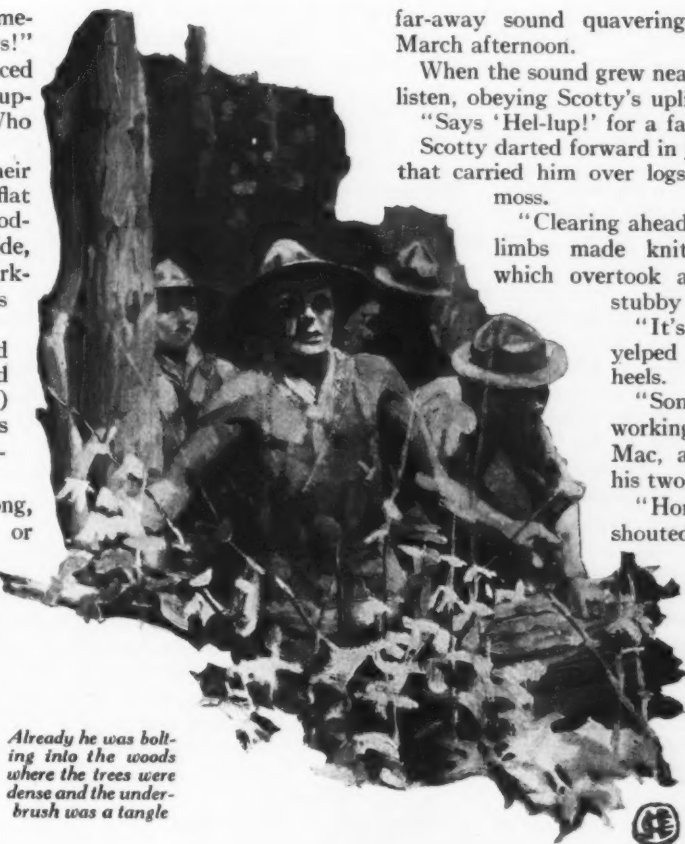
"Mine leg. I break heem ven I fall,—from vagon,—vun, two, tree,—I not know how many hour ago. I go to make me house here, for vife and kids. I climb up de vagon veel on, to reach a pole up the pile on. I sleep—ah!"

"There, let's not keep him telling about it, fellows," said Scotty. "That leg needs attention, and soon."

"But it's ten miles to town, if it's one!"

"Well, we've got to get him to the hospital. And if we can make him comfortable,—more comfortable—on the way, we should." Scotty braced himself for action. "Mind if I take a look at your leg, Mister?"

"Do eet. Yohnson my name,—Yohn Yohnson. I leef Dulut in, oop Eight Street on. I coom out to cut de voot here, to make open place for mine house here. And ven I step up de vagon veel on, I toomble—ah!"



Already he was bolting into the woods where the trees were dense and the underbrush was a tangle

Scotty was feeling carefully over and along the man's thigh. The fracture he located about half way between hip and knee.

"Swelling, too. Now, we've got to get you into your wagon, and into town. How about it if we splint it to keep it from moving?"

"Do eet. Then I not have doctor to pay?"

"Yes, you'll have to have a doctor set it. My idea is to bind it up to keep the ends of the bones from moving." Scotty rolled up his blue sweater sleeves, while his three buddies stared with mingled awe and admiration. "Now for our splints,—what, fellows?"

"Saw a sign some way back, if I could find it again," remembered Longlegs, rearing up off his heels ready for action.

"Make some, can't we, with this?" Mac caught up the ax leaning against a stump.

"Yes, split some off these!" Jap kicked a pole off the pile the man had cut.

"Come on, Longlegs. We'll cut the pants leg off, the overalls one, anyway, for bandages. Hold the cloth tight while I cut."

"Dem pants cost me \$2 in Dulut," groaned Johnson.

But Scotty set to work. The knife was not very sharp, but by screwing up his face and chewing his tongue industriously, as he sawed away, he made good progress. Mr. Johnson's groans made Longlegs shudder. But Scotty kept stolidly on his way around that overalls leg.

"There! Got around as far as I can reach. Now we'll start down the sides and work toward the back. That way we'll get it off without turning you over."

"We could cut the shirt off him, too," proposed Longlegs.

"The one overalls leg'll be enough. Make strips of it, you see." Scotty patted the thigh gently. "The ends have slipped past each other, the way broken bones do."

"My, makes me sick to think of it," wheezed Longlegs, rubbing his solar plexus tenderly. "Feel it right on my own leg."

But Scotty let no squeamishness interfere with the task in hand. When he had the overalls leg severed, he slashed the strip into stout bandages.

"Have to tie them together, won't you?" asked Longlegs.

"No, splice them, the way I've seen my grandmother do with carpet rags, instead of sewing them. See?"

When Scotty had five strips of brown overalls ready, he made a buttonhole in one end of each. Through the buttonhole of one strip he ran the buttonholed end of another, then looped the free end of the second strip through its own buttonholed end, and drew it all the way through. This united the two strips neatly and firmly. The five so joined gave a good working bandage.

"Now, then, fellows, bring on your splints."

Jap and Mac each had a handful of billets.

"They'll do fine, when we shave the splinters off," said Scotty. So they whittled the billets smooth on the flat surface.

"Now, then, fellows, stand by! Jap, you hand me a splint when I call for one. Mac, you turn his foot and knee when Longlegs and I have to bring the bandages around under him. We'll have to turn him some then. It'll hurt pretty much, Mr. Johnson, but we'll be careful."

Scotty laid the splints each side of the leg, one long one from armpit to heel and the other along the inner side from heel to groin.

"Get a lot of that sphagnum moss we crossed coming over here. We need it for padding," he called to the boys, and then filled in the crevices between the splint and the leg with the soft material.

"They used it in the World War," he explained as he lashed the splints above and below the break with the strips of overall and fastened them below the knee with their Scout neckerchiefs. Mr. Johnson's own belt held the splint in place at the waist line and a bit of rope from the wagon anchored it under the armpit. Soon the splints took over the job which the broken leg bone had been doing.

"Doesn't look so good, but she'll do," said Scotty.

"Now, how are we going to get him aboard his wagon?" worried Mac.

"Raise him, the four of us," suggested Longlegs.

"Make him some crutches out of poles," was Jap's idea.

"We've got to make some kind of a stretcher," said Scotty.

"But what are we going to make it of?"

"Get our knapsacks, empty 'em, and——"

"Rip 'em at the bottom and——"

"Run poles through 'em."

"Take the reins, wrap 'em around two poles just so far apart, and——"

"No, we'll need the lines to drive the horse with."

"I know, fellows. I saw a blanket on the wagon seat!"

"Good work, Jap. Roll the sides around the poles, several times, the way women roll up quilts on frames."

"Sure thing, Longlegs. That'll keep the sides from slipping loose."

When the stretcher was prepared, the three first tested it with Longlegs for "dummy."

"Works to a T!" cried Longlegs, in vast delight that his idea, or rather his half of the idea, had worked.

"And Mr. Johnson's not a very heavy man—not much heavier than you," said Scotty. "We'll lift him onto it. Longlegs, you help me with his body, and Jap and Mac with his legs."

Working together, with much puffing, the First Aiders got Mr. Johnson on the stretcher, where he relaxed with a gratified grunt.

"Now," beamed Scotty, "you rest easy while Jap backs the wagon up to you."

"I don't know whether I can drive this horse."

"Sure you can, Jap. Just the same as you chauffeur old Dan, you know."

"Mine horse, he not kick, he not bite," Mr. Johnson encouraged the timid Jehu.

"Come on, Jap. I'll help you," offered Mac.

But the prevailing excitement seemed to affect the horse. Just as the boys had the stretcher off the ground, he started off across the clearing. So they must put down the stretcher, while Jap and Mac flew after the ambling steed and tied him securely to a tree.

Finally, by a combination of wits, strength, and courage to undertake, as well as fortitude to endure, Mr. Johnson started homeward resting easily in the bottom of his wagon, with knapsacks as "chucks" to keep him from rolling. And Jap "chauffeured" very carefully so as not to jolt him unnecessarily. It was nearing dusk when horse and wagon halted at the rear door of the city clinic.

When the surgeon in charge learned what had been done, he invited the four to watch him complete the job, under the X-ray. The boys trailed timidly but proudly along behind Mr. Johnson, now in state on a wheeled table, to the small basement room housing that mysterious machine. They crowded close to the wall, making themselves small to be out of the way.

First, Mr. Johnson was laid on a narrow table. Then Dr. Sawyer and a young man called Jim donned aprons, gloves and goggles.

"Lead in these things, to keep the X-rays from

burning us," explained Jim, and let the boys lift an apron to get its weight. Jim fussed around some machinery in the room, getting his equipment ready. And two young men in white jackets came in and took off Scotty's splints, complimenting the work the boys had done.

When the lights in the room were turned off, there was but one small white spot left, shining on Mr. Johnson's thigh. Dr. Sawyer looked into the illuminated ground glass frame over the leg.

"Want to see the bones?" he asked.

With eyes popping, they bent over the plate. It was hard to believe one could look through solid flesh as easily as through the glass itself, and see the bone within. The broken ends overlapped, just as Scotty's fingers had told him. With the two internes to help, Dr. Sawyer soon had the broken ends together. A thin, wavery line showed where the two ends met. And it was a perfect set, since guided by the X-ray he knew exactly what he was doing.

"Now, Jim, make a print as a keepsake for the boys," directed the doctor.

The lights of the rooms were again turned on, while Jim prepared a sort of photographer's plate under the table just beneath the broken leg, now splinted and bandaged in the best professional manner.

Jim then attached electric plugs to a glass globe hanging from the ceiling, (Continued on page 92)



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*When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail
—Shakespeare*

A HUNGARIAN NEW YEAR

IN a letter to friends in California, a school in Győr, Hungary, tells how New Year's is celebrated:

"We read from your letter that you have lovely weather at New Year's Eve, just like in June. Here in Győr, sad to say, the weather is very cold at New Year's. People have to put on thick clothing and thick winter coats, for there are great frosts sometimes. On the road everyone hurries and nobody stops to talk.

"But the people are just as jolly here on New Year's Eve as in America. Here everyone spends the evening at home or with friends, or more often in a coffee house, where there is music and dancing. The coffee houses are very full and all are as gay as can be.

"At midnight the lights go out for a second, then come on again, and there stands the director of the house in the middle of the floor with a little pig in his arms, wishing everybody a happy New Year. The pig is our national sign of good luck.

"After that everyone jumps up, wishing each other a happy New Year. The Hungarian gypsy starts playing the National Anthem and all stand and sing 'God Bless the Hungarians.'

"By the time the singing is over in comes a chimney sweeper and gives a bit of his sooty broom to everyone so they will meet with good fortune in the coming year. Then slowly all the people go home, for the New Year has come.

[90]

"On that day it is the custom to eat pork, for this brings good luck, or so the people say."

THE AUSTRALIAN FLAG

ON another page there is a description of how the children in an Australian school gather round the flag in the morning. So you will probably be interested in this letter about the flag which came from Melbourne:

"The Australian ensign is one of the youngest of flags. It dates from 1905, two years after the six states united under a federal government and became the Commonwealth of Australia. It has a blue field, that of the merchant flag being red, with the Union Jack in the upper quarter near the flagstaff, and the five stars of the Southern Cross in the other part, or 'fly,' of the flag. Under the Union Jack is a large seven-pointed star which stands for the union of the six states and the Territory of Papua."

The Canadians add a special stanza for their country to "God Save the King," the National Anthem for the whole British Empire. The letter ends with such a special stanza for Australia, composed by James Brunton Stephen. It is:

*"Mighty in Brotherhood,
Mighty for God and good,
Let us be Thine.
Here let the nations see,
Toil from the curse set free,
Labor and Liberty
One cause—and Thine."*

By the way, see if you can find out how many flags are younger than Australia's and what they are like.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

THE Polish Juniors make a great deal of the cultivation of self-control. Their magazine tells about a set of resolutions made and carefully regarded by the boys of the Junior circle at Orzew. They were not New Year's resolutions, yet they might well have been. The boys said:

"We made up our minds to have a competition among us to see which of us could best live up to the following conditions:

1. I have not vexed my teacher, but on the contrary I have helped him in his work.
2. I will give a good example to children younger than myself.
3. I will be a good school companion.
4. I will not use bad words.
5. I will not waste time.

"We wish everything to be all right in our school. One person cannot do much, but all working for the same ends can do very much.

"The schoolmaster cannot teach well if he is sad and disheartened, let us not cause him irritation. The master is pleased when the pupils live in peace and help one another. As we love our teacher a great deal, we resolved not to use any bad words. All these resolutions are rather difficult to keep, but there is no point in undertaking something easy and insignificant."

Nancy and the Blue Nose Cold Germ

Louise Franklin Bache

Illustration by Catherine Lewis

"I'M coming over to your house to live," said an ugly little Blue Nose Cold Germ.

"Nobody asked you," said Nancy, "so I'd advise you to stay at home."

"Nobody asked me?" mocked the Blue Nose Cold Germ. "Tell that to the guinea pigs. Even they would not believe you. Why you have invited me to live in your house ever since you were knee high to a grasshopper. Fact is, you've asked me so many times I just can't count them."

"Well, of all the ridiculous things!" said Nancy. "I guess I know whom I invite to my house and whom I don't."

"You may think you do," called back the Blue Nose Cold Germ, "but that is just because you don't really know what inviting is. However, it doesn't make much difference. I'll tell you the ways you've issued your invitations to me in such plain English you will be sure to recognize them."

Nancy was as furious as she could be. She stamped her foot. "If I ever invited you to visit at my house," she cried, "there must have been something the matter with me."

"Of course," agreed the Blue Nose Cold Germ cheerfully, "that is just it. There is something the matter with you. Sensible girls would not do what you do. Take yesterday as an example. It was cold, quite cold, if you remember. Your mother has always told you to dress to suit the weather, but what did you do? You put on your thinnest things and then you hurried out. The first thing you knew you began to shiver and shake. Your body was taking all the ways it knew of keeping up your circulation. But after awhile it owned it was a bad job. You stayed out until you became chilled through and through. Then you went in and told your mother that you didn't know what made you so tired. Well, I did. You had shivered and shaken and used up all your energy, and when you were in that condition it was just the same thing as saying, 'Little Blue

Nose Cold Germ, welcome! Open the door and walk in.'"

"But I don't always wear the wrong kind of clothes," said Nancy, and her lower lip shook a trifle.

"You don't say so," said the Cold Germ quite cheerfully. "The time before this when you invited me to visit you, if I remember correctly, you had refused to wear your rubbers or raincoat or carry an umbrella when it rained. You got good and wet as a consequence and chilled through just as you did yesterday when you didn't wear the proper clothes, and so I found my way into your house very easily. The wearing of proper clothes seems to be one health rule you forget oftenest, Nancy. If you don't want me to be a steady visitor at your house you had better wear the clothes you know will guard you against the weather and not be such a silly, vain little girl."

"Well, my brother Jack always wears warm clothes and stout shoes, and he has colds," said Nancy, who was determined to prove that the Blue Nose Cold Germ was all wrong.

"There are many ways of inviting me to live in your house," said the Cold Germ. "Jack doesn't give me the same kind of invitations you do. He

hates to go to the dentist, and the result is he has decayed teeth, and there is no softer bed for a cold germ than decayed teeth or sore gums. Boys and girls who do not have clean noses, clean mouths and clean throats say to all cold germs in the world, 'Welcome! You may come to our house and make us as sick as you wish,' because those are just the places that you can't keep a cold germ away from. So you see, Nancy, that is the way Jack invites me to visit him."

"I know a girl named Margaret," said Nancy, determined not to be beaten in her argument. "Margaret has a clean nose, a clean mouth and a clean throat, and she wears the proper kind of clothes because her mother makes her, and yet Margaret has colds."



Nancy was as furious as she could be, and stamped her foot

"This is the answer to that," said the Blue Nose Cold Germ: "Margaret has colds because she hates to take baths and she hates fresh air. This makes her skin very sensitive, you know, so when she goes out into the fresh air or when the weather is severe or rainy, of course, she begins to sniff or cough. Any boy or girl who doesn't have a clean skin, no matter how clean his nose or throat may be, is just bound to catch cold."

"There is Tom," said Nancy. "Tom has colds and yet he doesn't do any of the things you have mentioned yet."

"Tom has colds," replied the Blue Nose Cold Germ, "because he doesn't eat the right kind of food. Boys and girls who eat rich, fried, sweet things in large quantities and at irregular hours are just the ones who issue invitations to me that I can't refuse."

"I am beginning to see what you mean," said Nancy, "and you can just believe that I'm going to see that you don't get any more invitations from me nor from my friends."

"Good!" said the Cold Germ. "As a matter of fact I really hate to work as hard as you children make me. It will be fun to have a vacation."

And that is the end of this story.

Scotty's Patrol to the Rescue

(Continued from page 89)

and snuffed off the lights about the room.

"That's the vacuum tube, with terminals for manufacturing the rays," he explained. "One much like it under the table made it possible for you to see

through the leg. This one sends rays through for the photographic plate below."

The glass globe looked like an electric arc lamp, though its rays were much duller, and redder. The boys wondered how it could do its strange work, and promised themselves to read all they could find about this wonder-working light.

Before long, they were looking at the wet negative that showed thin, hazy shadows for flesh, darker shadows for splints, and the thigh bone with its broken ends neatly touching.

Later a reporter used one of the prints, with a snapshot of the patrol, to illustrate his writeup of the incident.

It is hard to say who boasts more of the quartette's First Aid work,—Mr. Johnson or Dr. Sawyer, or Scout Master Dunning. The boys don't mention it,—the merit badge in First Aid they afterward earned speaks for itself.

The Daughter of Old King Cole

(Continued from page 84)

There she is said to have discovered the true cross. However that may be, she died there and is buried in a little church in the valley between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives.

In southern Serbia where Constantine's cross is still worn, the women also embroider their tunics with what is known as the "Empress Helena's" pattern; and in every part of the Christian world her name is a sweet memory.

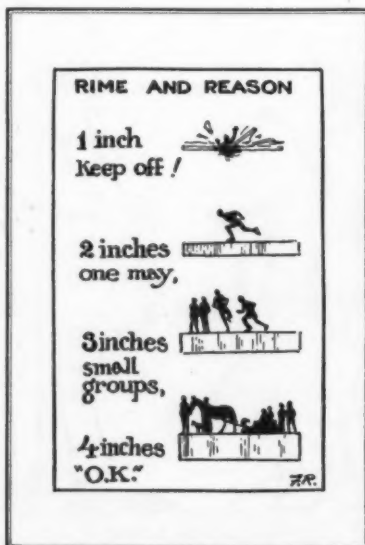
They Knew What to Do

THE Estonian Junior magazine tells the story of the bravery of George Ränk, a twelve-year-old boy of Kopal. George had gone on the ice with his friend Peter Kuusk. George had skates and his friend had a sled. Coming home the boys got into the path of the ice-cutter, where the ice had frozen over again and was smooth and nice for skating, but thin. Kuusk broke through. In a flash Ränk snatched off his belt and fastening it to the scarf of another boy who was near, threw it to his friend. But it wasn't long enough. Then Ränk called for help and some men brought a plank from the shore. Just as the drowning boy clutched the plank the ice broke again and the plank started to slip under. None of the men dared come nearer, so Ränk himself crawled close to the hole, caught hold of the plank, pulled it out of the water and so enabled Kuusk to climb to safety.

The *Daily Mail*, of London, gives a remarkable instance of a boy's quick use of the First Aid principles he had learned. His name is Henri Agullson, he is twelve years old and he lives near Florac in France. His sister Marguerite was climbing an old wall one day when she was bitten on her thumb by a poisonous snake. Without losing a minute, Henri tied one of his shoelaces tightly above the wound and then made the place bleed freely by pressing it. When the doctor saw the little girl, he said that Henri's "operation" had saved her life.

A small boy of Hillsboro, Texas, was able to save his own life. He accidentally spilt gasoline on a hot stove. A flash set fire to his clothing, but he put it out at once by wrapping a quilt about himself.

You see, having studied the principles of First Aid and Life Saving, these boys and girls knew what to do and did not run about helplessly when emergency came.





The small boys of Idvor were early taught to watch the grazing herds of cattle and flocks of sheep

Young Michael Pupin

The True Story of a Great Inventor

Clara W. Herbert

MICHAEL'S quick ear caught a slight sound. Instantly, he dropped to the ground and put his ear to the earth. His heart beat fast. Were the cattle thieves coming?

It was a summer night at Idvor, a little village of Hungary. Michael was one of a group of boys sent out with an experienced herdsman to watch over the cattle grazing on the plains. Through the heat of the day, the cattle stayed close but at night they would wander off into the adjacent corn fields. Then if the boys were not watchful the thieves from over the border, stealing up in the darkness, would go off with an ox.

The boys, placed at intervals, to keep the cattle from straying, had learned to signal to one another by means of a knife with a long wooden handle driven into the ground. If some one struck the handle a sound was made which could be clearly heard by putting the ear to the ground. The boys became very expert in estimating the distance and direction of the sound. Young Michael lying there with the bright stars circling overhead used to wonder about light and sound. Little he dreamed then that some day he would be a famous American inventor who would make important discoveries about

them, and bring great honor to his adopted country.

How Michael became an American is an interesting story.

He loved his native village. He loved the dances on the green, and the bagpipes playing, the wrestling matches, the swimming and other games with the boys of his herdsman's squad. Best of all, he loved the stories which Baba Batikin, an old soldier who had been in the Napoleonic wars, used to tell when the neighbors gathered at his father's or some other villager's house on winter evenings. The young men would shell the corn and the women spin and from time to time sing some of the old songs. They were wonderful stories that Baba would recite and Michael treasured them in his heart. From them he learned that the noblest thing in this world was the struggle for right, justice and freedom.

Michael had a remarkable mother, strong and brave and wise. It was she who taught him to like school and to value knowledge.

"My boy," she would say, "if you wish to go out into the world about which you hear so much at the neighborhood gatherings you must provide yourself with another pair of eyes, the eyes of reading and writing. There is so much wonderful knowledge

and learning in this world which you cannot get unless you can read and write. Knowledge is the ladder over which we climb to Heaven; knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads to a future life of glory."

With such teaching it is not strange that Michael soon outgrew the village school and was sent to a higher school not far away. It was at this school that he heard of Franklin and his kite. Michael had been taught that thunder was Elijah's chariot rumbling across the sky, but here was Franklin telling another story and proving it by means of a kite. Michael decided that Franklin and Franklin's country must be wonderful. Was it then, perhaps, that the desire to go to America was born in his heart? A little later, when he was a student at Prague this desire made him sell everything, even to his overcoat, and buy a steerage ticket to America.

In spite of the bitter cold of the fourteen days of that stormy March voyage and in spite of the fact that he had but five cents in his pocket, Michael arrived in New York with high hopes. Fortunately, the immigration laws were not so strict in those days and he was allowed to land. With no money, no friends and no work waiting for him, unable to speak English, Michael started forth that morning to see New York. It was not a very successful trip. First, he spent his precious nickel for a piece of poor prune pie. Later, some boys, amused by the red fez he wore, tried to snatch it from him. Michael was strong, however, and in the fight that followed he came off victor. The boys even cheered him as he walked away. With a comforting sense of fair



Photo Underwood and Underwood
The great Professor Pupin

play, he returned to the employment bureau at the immigration station, which was then at Castle Garden, and accepted a job with a Delaware farmer to drive a pair of mules.

It would take too long to tell how he learned to speak English and to understand American ways, of his experience at various farms where he found work, of his life in



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons
*The village church in Idvor **

narily work and save for an honest dream without finding the opportunity at last, and so on one bright autumn day Michael found himself registered as a student of Columbia University.

Since he had to support himself, there were many of the college activities which he could not enjoy and he had to work hard in the summer time, too, to make ends meet. The summer before entering college he had spent chopping wood and studying; eight hours he spent in study and four in chopping wood, and in this way he saved for his living expenses. He passed his examinations for college with such high marks that he was allowed free tuition at Columbia.

Pupin was strong and healthy. The exercise that summer and the next, when he mowed hay on a New Jersey farm, gave him wonderful muscle and made it possible for him in his sophomore year to win for his class the wrestling match to which the freshmen had challenged them. This victory and his splendid qualities made him very popular, and in his third year Michael was elected president of the Junior class. He graduated with high standing.

Though the day that Michael Pupin received his degree from Columbia was a great day for him, the day before had been even more important. On that day he had become a naturalized citizen of the United States. To Michael this meant the achievement of a nine years' dream; to America, it meant the adoption of a brilliant young son who should bring her many honors in scientific invention.

When you turn the knob on your radio set to tune in, you will be interested to know that Dr. Pupin is responsible for the method, and perhaps you will like to remember that his interest in the transmission of sound started when as a boy he watched the herds and listened for cattle thieves on the pasture lands of Idvor. If you wish to know more about his other inventions and the interesting events of his life, you will find the story told by Dr. Pupin himself in a book* which he says "was written for the youth of the country."

* From *Immigrant to Inventor*. ©1922, 1923, Charles Scribner's Sons. Photograph reprinted by permission of the publishers.



Japanese school boys are expert on stilts. Each one wears the insignia of his school on his cap

Schools of Some Overseas Comrades

LAST September your NEWS had letters describing some of the schools in this country. We promised you then to give you letters telling about schools of other lands. Here are some of them, and later on we will give some more. Next month we have the Indian number of the NEWS and in that there will be some of the letters from Indian schools.

We begin with a letter from Japan because it describes a New Year ceremony. You remember how much the Japanese and Chinese make of New Year's. The letter is from Kakushin Matsunami, a twelve-year-old boy in Nakatsu School, Nozo County, Japan.

THE NEW YEAR IN JAPAN

"When I opened my eyes, the sound of the bell from the temple came floating. Though I have been known as a 'sleepy head,' I got up quite early and very happy this morning. I immediately went to the well to wash myself. The chanticleer seemed to have more spirit than usual. After offering our prayer at the altar the family sat at the table to enjoy the formal New Year breakfast. Soon it was time to start for school. So I hurried along, feeling indescribable joy within me. When I arrived at school, I was greeted by the flag of the Empire fluttering in the rays of the rising sun. The boys and girls were greeting each other, 'Happy New Year,' 'Happy New Year!' Soon the bell rang and

then the children all made their way to the auditorium. While singing the song of 'Happy New Year' the usually sober and dignified face of my teacher somehow seemed beaming with smiles. After the ceremony was over every child was presented with some souvenir and we hurried home. On my way I was happy thinking of the good times I would have with my friend, Take San, playing the New Year's games."

A BOARDING SCHOOL IN RUMANIA

The next letter comes from Rumania, where boys and girls do not go to school together beyond the primary grades. In most of the schools the pupils are all boarders. The Boys' Normal School at Constanza writes:

"All the children of this country are obliged to go to the elementary school at eleven and stay there four or five years. Those who wish can go to a secondary school or to a normal school. We are at the Boys' Normal School and shall become teachers. We study mathematics, drawing, history, French, chemistry and bookkeeping. We learn to carve, to weave raffia, to make hats, baskets, etc.

"We enter the classroom at eight and go out at 11:20 and are free until twelve, when we take our midday meal. At two we go to classes again and stay until five. We go to bed at nine and get up at five in the morning. The free hours are for study and games.

"Our life in this boarding school is very pleasant. Our building is two stories high. Upstairs are the dormitories, downstairs are the classrooms. We have our own electric batteries. Our headmaster is very good to us and behaves just like a father. There are two hundred and forty boys in our school. We have formed a society with two sections—one for sports and one to improve our minds. The Sports Club is very active. Our football team is very good. In the winter we sleigh and skate, while in summer we bathe and swim. An English officer who came here on a visit taught us basketball. We make trips in the country and we have been on a steamer in the Black Sea. The Cultural Club has organized already many literary evenings; in fact, we have one of these entertainments on every Saturday night. Besides, they organized a big entertainment where people from the town were invited and it proved very successful. With the money taken in, excursions will be made during the summer to different parts of Rumania."

A DAY IN AN AUSTRALIAN COUNTRY SCHOOL

It seems odd to think of Christmas with roses in bloom and the hot summer sun shining down. But that, as you all know, is the kind of weather Australia has this time of year. Just now the schools are having the long summer vacation. This letter, in which Ruth Mitchell of the Eighth Grade describes a day in the Murphy's Creek State School in Victoria, Australia, has just come in a portfolio on its way to Central School, Fremont, Nebraska, which is an active international correspondent:

"School commences at 9:15. Most of us have long distances to come, the average being three miles.

"This is a description of what you would see if you were to pay us a visit.

"Monday morning, 8:30: Down the road a white figure on a bicycle appears. Slowly she rides up to the gate. 'First again,' she says, then wheels her bicycle round to the shelter shed.

Looking across the fields to the west, she sees her cousins, Nancy and Alan, approaching. Nancy's hands are filled with beautiful orchids, which she has picked on her way to school.

"Come and see if Teacher is coming!" and out on to the road they go. They have not long to wait. Round the bend two cyclists appear, their teacher and her sister, who live three and a half miles away. The gate is opened, the school unlocked, and in they file. Hats and bags are hung up in the porch, and

the books unpacked and taken into the schoolroom.

"9:00 o'clock: The first bell rings out to warn tardy scholars that it is nearing school time. A clatter and pounding of hoofs over a bridge, and Keith and Eric rush up on their big white horses. Behind them, coming more slowly, are their little sisters on pretty black ponies. Now a motor car stops at the gate and out scramble three more. A few more minutes, and all have arrived. The final bell rings. All quickly fall into line round the flag pole. The flag goes up, is saluted. The Declaration, 'I love God and my country. I honor the flag. I will serve the King, and cheerfully obey my parents, teachers and the laws,' is said after the teacher, the National Anthem is sung, and then the children march into school. Observations are heard, then the

Secretary of the Health Club attends to the hygiene questions—clean finger nails, teeth, handkerchiefs, boots, hair, tidy and clean desks, etc.

"9:30: Arithmetic commences and goes on to 10:30, when with a song or a gramophone selection, lessons are changed.

"11:30 A. M.: Recess. Out to games for ten minutes, then drill for another ten minutes. Work goes on till 12:20,

when an hour for dinner is allowed. All have brought their lunches, which are soon eaten, and then for games. We have just lately had a basket ball court erected, so that is the favorite now. The hour flies too quickly, but, after a wash and a brush up, all are ready for lessons again. From 1:20 to 1:30 the readings of the barometer, thermometer and shadow stick

are taken and entered on the chart. Then lessons continue till 2:30, when afternoon recess and organized games are appreciated for fifteen minutes. Till 3:30 more lessons, then school is dismissed for the day.

"The ponies are saddled, gay goodbyes are called, and soon the little school on the hill is quite silent.

"And so each day goes on. We study arithmetic, algebra, geometry, reading, writing, history, geography, nature study, drawing, sewing, modelling,



Rumanians love their beautiful native costumes, which are worn by even the city people on national holidays



Constanza, the chief port of Rumania, is a beautiful white city on the shores of the Black Sea

spelling, composition, poetry and singing. Holidays in the year are as follows: Christmas Vacation—five weeks, one week in May, one week in September. Special holidays: Foundation Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Eight Hours' Day * and the King's Birthday.

IN LATVIA

From the public school at Malavala, Latvia, comes this letter:

"There are fifty-five pupils enrolled in our school, boys and girls together. About forty-five of us took part in writing this letter; we all composed it and then one wrote it down.

"We remain at school a whole week, for our homes are too far away for us to go home every night. We meet at school on Mondays, bringing with us the things we shall need for all week. We keep them in our boxes or in cupboards. On Saturday we go home at noon. Our school is in the country and is surrounded by a forest where we take walks. The nearest home is about a mile away, and the farthest is about five miles off.

"Our school building is nearly fifty years old. It is a wooden house, with one part of the ground floor occupied by our two teachers and the other part by our two classes. Each class has two grades. On the second floor are our dormitories.

The pupils are from ten to fourteen years old."

FROM SAN REMO, ITALY

Of course, the important thing in any school is the spirit of the children in it, how they do their work and how they act toward each other. This letter from a girl in the Fifth Grade of a school in the beautiful Italian town of San Remo on the Mediterranean shows a fine spirit; doesn't it? (Ask your teacher some time to tell you the story of how it happens that the Easter palms for St. Peter's church in Rome always come from that place.)

"Some days ago, when I was hastening along the corridor to my classroom, I saw a girl who had arrived and who had never been here before. She was dressed in black and she had in her hand her satchel and a note. She stopped in the corridor and our teacher brought her to our file. 'I place you

* The Eight Hours' Day is a holiday somewhat like our Labor Day. It celebrates the occasion when the working day in Australia was shortened to eight hours. In Melbourne there is a monument to the eight hour day, called the Three Eights Monument because at the top of the simple stone shaft are three huge figure "8's." They stand for the slogan, "Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' rest."

there, dear,' she said, 'and I shall give you a seat in the room.'

"Then we understood she was a new comrade and we looked at her as at a lovely sister. When we entered the classroom she stopped at the teacher's desk as she had been told to do. I knew that she was a girl from Milan and when I heard her speak she reminded me of Maiocchi, another little Milanese who was in school with us last year. This girl's name is Lomonace. She is the daughter of an orchestra conductor and a singer. She has two sisters whom she loves very much, but as their mother has to go to Egypt and stay there for a long time, the poor girls are always sad.

"Yesterday when we were preparing to go out, I heard a whisper and I saw Borro and Evelina comforting Lomonace, who was crying. As she is far away from her dear parents, our comrade has not her mind at peace. Our teacher went up to her

and asked: 'What is the matter, Lomonace? Why do you cry?' The child answered amidst her sobs and I could not hear what she said, but I imagined it quite well. Our teacher kissed her and said 'Do not cry, darling. Your mother will be sorry when she knows you are not happy. You are far away from father and mother, that is true, but you have two little sisters who love you. Do

not cry.' And she kissed her again."

THANK YOU, FROM ESTHONIA

Dear Friends behind the Ocean:

"Our school lies in a little village on Lake Peipus, twenty-five miles from the nearest town. In winter, when the lake is frozen, we can't go herefrom and the only connection with the outer world is the horse-post that visits us once or twice in some weeks. Our fathers and all the inhabitants are fishermen. We have always to struggle against poverty, which the war increased. We are sometimes, especially during the snowy winter, very low-spirited, and if you seek on the map our little country, you will find our Lake Peipus, but our village and even our community, you will never find—so little it is.

"Therefore, we were the more astonished to get from so far a country such pretty Christmas presents, which delighted us indescribably. We can only thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

"Forward also, please, to your friends and your parents the best greetings and wishes from the far and small Esthonia."



Latvian Juniors practice their First Aid lesson



On January 6th, or Twelfth Night, when snow is lying thick all over the earth, it is the custom for boys and girls who live in the Austrian Tyrol to disguise themselves as shepherds and shepherdesses and go "Starsinging." A boy bearing a star on a pole goes first, followed by the Three Holy Kings. Shepherds bring up the rear. They go from house to house reciting verses and singing shepherds' songs, and the villagers give them cakes and sweets. This picture of some "Starsingers" came in a portfolio from Maedchen-buergerschule, Braunau, Upper Austria, which was on its way to St. Catherine's School in Los Angeles, California

Junior Doings Here and There

JUNIORS of Bridgeport, Connecticut, contributed \$32.25 to the Florida Relief Fund. The gift was their own idea. The little boy who brought the money to Red Cross headquarters told the secretary that they wanted their money to go "where the people had no roofs on their houses."

The 5-B Grade of the Thomas Jefferson School, Pasadena, California, won a prize of \$5.00 and sent the money across the country in mid-October to the Florida Disaster Relief Fund. They wrote:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

Our class won the money as a prize for getting the most mothers and fathers to join the Parent-Teachers Association. We had plenty of books and things, so we thought we would send this bit of money to you through the Junior Red Cross, and as small as it is, we hope it will help.

We have heard about the storm and we all feel very sorry for you."

The Segar School, a small day school for Indians in Colony, Oklahoma, sent in a check for \$3.15 for the Florida Relief Fund, asking that if possible it be used for Indians who had suffered from the hurricane. This little school, which has three rooms and ninety pupils, won a prize last year, in an essay contest on "How I May Help to Improve My Reservation."

Valdosta, Georgia, Juniors have been enrolled only a few months, yet they must be good workers, for the other day they sent in \$150.00 for Florida relief.

THE Junior Red Cross is growing fast in Brazil. There a great deal of emphasis is laid on the health side and pupils are forming "Health Platoons," which are pledged to keep the laws that will make them more fit for service.

THIS "True Story of a Quilt" came with the quilt to the Midwestern Branch of the Red Cross at St. Louis from the pupils of the Saltzman School at Beecher, Ill. The quilt has been given to the Lutheran Home for children in Joliet, Illinois.

"One afternoon Miss Kennedy said, 'Children, how would you like to make a quilt for the Red Cross?'

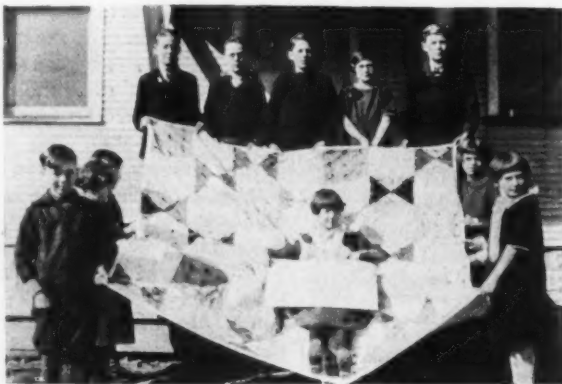
"Of course we all wanted to. Then she told us how we might begin. First, she asked a member from each family to bring a sample quilt block to school. With the help of Miss Kennedy we decided on a sample which we thought would be simple.

"Then Miss Kennedy said, 'Now, children, don't you think each of you could find some pieces of dress material to make some quilt blocks?' Some of us were sure, others thought they could, and we did.

"Each of us had a certain number of blocks to make, even our little First Grade girl made one. We sewed on our quilt every Friday afternoon, the time we have for games, stories and fun, until we had all the blocks basted. Then we took them home and had our mothers stitch them on the sewing machine.

"Next we joined the blocks to each other and Miss

Kennedy sewed them on the machine and pressed the quilt. Then the quilting had to be done. Miss Kennedy suggested that we write a note to our mothers inviting them to come to school some afternoon to do that. They were all willing to come, but they thought it best to tie the quilt instead of quilting it. We thought that was quite all right and thanked them very much, for without them we could not have finished the quilt.



The quilt and the children of the Saltzman School, Beecher, Illinois, who made it

"We children and Miss Kennedy hope you will like our quilt. We are sending pictures of our school, too."

LAST year the 4th, 5th and 6th grades of the Tod Avenue School, at Warren, Ohio, sent a well-planned portfolio to a school at Stabekk, Norway. The Norwegian school thought it so interesting that slides were made from it and are being used in regular lessons.

THIRTY thousand people witnessed a great entertainment given by the Greek Junior Red Cross in the big stadium at Athens. About ten thousand Juniors from the schools of Athens, each wearing a red or a white cap, were grouped so as to represent two huge Red Cross flags. A part of the proceedings was the gift to the Juniors of a silk Red Cross flag which had been blessed by the Archbishop of Athens. After the program was finished the Juniors marched in a procession through the streets. Both the scenes in the stadium and the procession were filmed so that many people throughout Greece might see the pictures at the movies.

IN Delaware last year there were 22,226 pupils enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. When you remember that Delaware is a little state having only three counties—Sussex, Kent and New Castle—you will realize that this is a large number. The things they did last year are just as surprising. Besides sending \$100 to the National Children's Fund and filling 100 Christmas boxes, they made Christmas and Easter greeting cards and Valentines for hospitals, and 800 Memorial Day favors for veterans at Perry Point Hospital. Two schools made knitted quilt patches and two collected bundles of clothing. Five schools carried on international correspondence and two sent seeds to the Indian schools. During the spring the Delaware Juniors received thirty half-pound boxes of Greek currants and some pieces of raffia work and embroideries made in Greek schools. Like schools in other states they had the currants made into cookies by the Home Economics Departments. The Dover and Caesar Rodney Schools had Life Saving tests and a swimming exhibit. In Wilmington 4,000 children were given swimming lessons.



This cupboard is used by Jugoslao Juniors for supplying hot school lunches to pupils who live far from school. It will serve 20 pupils

THE children in the Oregon Tuberculosis Hospital are all enrolled as Juniors. The doctor in charge gave a list of things Oregon Juniors might send to make the time pass more happily for the sick children while they are getting well. On the list are: geography scrap books, relief and outline maps, bird study materials, stories or letters written by pupils, playground and manual training equipment and books.

"The Newark Chapter of the American Red Cross, co-operating with the Newark Museum, cordially invites you to attend the opening of an Exhibit of Materials collected through the International Correspondence of the Junior Red Cross at the Newark Museum on Tuesday Evening, November 9, 1926, from seven to nine o'clock."

THIS printed invitation sent out from the Red Cross at Newark, New Jersey, shows how seriously international school correspondence is regarded there. The Newark Museum moved into its fine new building last spring. It has two branches which are mainly for school children—the Junior Museum and the Lending Department, or "museum on wheels." The Junior Museum arranges for classes to come to the Museum to see special collections which they are interested in, for a short period, usually not longer than an hour, and with a special lecturer who is called a "docent" to explain the things in the exhibit. The Lending Department sends collections to the schools of Newark and nearby towns. In such a Museum the Junior Red Cross exhibit is especially interesting to visitors. The Monmouth Street School of Newark

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has decided to take up international correspondence. A sixth grade class has asked to correspond with Germany, and a fifth grade class with Brazil.

AS a part of their "neighborhood service" project, the Juniors of the New Hope School, Dallas County, Texas, inspected the baby camp at Dallas and presented a hand made quilt, of their own making, to one of the babies.

LOUIS Ciaccio writes from the Children's Home at Utica, New York: "Do you know if we are not good how we are punished? Our Junior buttons are taken away for a time. I have had mine for a long time. I won it by giving a large Doggie Book and some paint books to Ignatius, who did not have a book. It was taken away only once. That was because I would not eat the vegetables which would help to make me well. But now I like everything and spinach and beans best of all."



Virginia Hanna and Dorothy Soule of Syracuse, New York

IN Sydney, Australia, Juniors are responsible for supplying free milk to five hundred young children in the poorest quarters. An idea for raising money next spring is suggested by two young members of the Platypus Circle of Beecroft, New South Wales. They got a friend to let them give a tennis tournament on her court and raised twenty-five dollars for their Junior fund. Junior Red Cross is making rapid strides in the country and when Tasmania has organized all six states of the Commonwealth will have Junior sections.

TWO of the proudest people in all the throng that greeted Queen Marie's train at Syracuse, New York, were Virginia Hanna and Dorothy Soule. For they had been chosen to present Her Majesty with a white satin Junior pennant and an old-fashioned bouquet of white carnations with a red cross of rose buds, tied with a red, white and blue

ribbon. When the train came in there was the Queen looking just as a queen should look, and beside her were tall, slender Prince Nicholas and lovely Princess Ileana, president of the Junior Red Cross of Rumania. But the platform of the observation car seemed very high and the two little girls began to feel very, very small in all that big crowd. Then the Queen spied their headdresses with the red crosses on them. Turning to the Princess, she said, "The Red Cross is here to meet me."

"It is the Juniors," said Ileana.

Then the Queen leaned over the rail and smiled at the girls and two officers lifted them to the platform. When the bouquet and note of welcome had been presented, Marie stooped and kissed each one of them, first on one cheek, then on the other, and then gave each one an autographed photograph of herself in her state attire. When some of the prominent people on the reception committee asked for photographs, the Queen replied, "No, only two pictures for the two little Red Cross girls."

This was what the note tucked in among the flowers said for the twenty-two hundred Juniors of Syracuse: it was written by an English class in the Lincoln Junior High School:

YOUR MAJESTY:

The Junior Red Cross of Syracuse wishes to extend its greetings and welcome to you. We are very much honored to have you visit our city even for such a short time. We trust that your visit to United States will be most enjoyable.

We should like to extend through you our greetings to the boys and girls of Rumania. Very sincerely yours,
MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS.



Virginia and Dorothy were the only people in Syracuse who received pictures of Queen Marie

THE school for Russian refugee children at Peshtera, Bulgaria, has sent two dollars for Florida relief which their headmaster writes "must be considered as a very humble token of sympathy and gratitude to the Americans who assisted and

helped the Russian refugees and their children in times of need and sorrow." Many of the children are orphans; others do not know where their parents are, having lost them in the civil wars in Russia. Their building is an old army barrack which has been divided into dormitories and classrooms with rough board partitions.

